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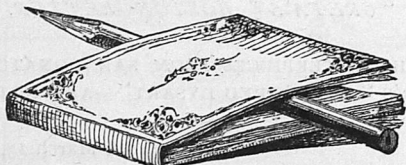
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or three dozen etchings executed by members of the club at their weekly social reunions. It is also intended, before the approach of summer, to send invitations to artists to contribute to the winter exhibition. The idea is good. Artists would find it both interesting and instructive to devote some of their time during the cloudy days and the months of the crude greens to sketching in black and white. The club naturally feels encouraged by the increased public interest in its work manifested by the increased sales at the last exhibition. At its recent election an excellent board of officers was chosen. Mr. Charles Volkmar was appointed chairman of the Board of Control and Jury of Admission, with Messrs. George W. Maynard, G. F. Murphy, A. P. Share, and the president of the club, Mr. Joseph S. Hartley, as associates.



My Note Book.

THE Academy "private views" in New York are a delusion and a snare. As Clarence Cook wittily says, "There is no privacy and no view." The critics are all very angry with the authorities this season, and not wholly without cause; for certainly they have been treated with scant consideration. A night was set apart for them to view the pictures, but the galleries were so inadequately lighted that some of the critics wisely refrained from exercising their official functions, except at the expense of the Academy managers. To fill up space "they talked about the weather." Then came the "private view," at which one could see hardly anything except the pictures which had been "skied" by the hanging committee.

THE importance of a National Academy Exhibition demands that it shall receive consideration in another department than "My Note Book," and next month, of course, it will be the feature of "The Art Gallery." In the mean while I may be permitted to remark that, so far as one could judge from the enjoyment of the combined advantages of "a press view" and "a private view"—which are pretty much the same thing so far as the press goes—the most notable pictures are Eastman Johnson's large canvas showing two full-length figures conversing in a parlor; Hovenden's masterly "Vendeans," with the motto "Hoc signo vinces"—rather slovenly Latin, by the way; Millet's portrait of Miss Kate Field, showing "very little girl and a good deal of picture," as some one truthfully remarked; Geo. W. Maynard's portrait of Millet, and landscapes by Bierstadt, Inness, and David Johnson.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April is a wonderfully good number. Mr. James C. Beard has an interesting and admirably illustrated article on "Marine Forms as Applicable to Decoration." Mr. T. Cole has produced from a photograph the best engraved portrait of Father Hyacinthe published. Messrs. Will H. Low and M. J. Burns furnish admirable drawings for Mr. Charles H. Farnham's "Running the Rapids," and Edward Strahan contributes a delightfully written article on Greek Terra-Cottas, well and profusely illustrated. The publishers offer new prizes for the work of novices in wood engraving, and publish the engravings which took the prizes lately awarded. The competition has certainly called forth some very creditable work, although some of the least pleasant characteristics of the Scribner school of wood-engraving are reproduced, it seems to me, with almost aggressive fidelity.

AS might have been expected the recent sale in Paris of the pictures of that most liberal patron of art, Mr John W. Wilson, attracted much attention. At the end of the three days' auction the great sum of 2,032,345 francs had been realized. The collection included many of the choicest specimens of famous masters,

especially of the Flemish school, in which Mr. Wilson's gallery was particularly rich. Among these were the four well-known portraits of Scriverius, his wife, Jasper Schade Van Westrum, and P. Van den Broecke, by Frank Hals. The first two—veritable gems of art, neither quite six inches long—were sold after exciting competition, to M. Petit, presumably for the Duc d'Aumale, for 80,000 francs. M. Sedelmayer and M. Petit bought the other two for 43,100 francs and 78,100 francs respectively. "The Rabbi," "Golgotha," and "Portrait of a Man," fine examples of Rembrandt, brought respectively 10,000 francs, 9100 francs, and 200,000 francs—the latter being the highest price of the sale, but the name of the buyer somewhat suspiciously has been kept a secret. Nicholas Maas's "L'Enfant à la Gaufre," a very fine example of the painter, brought only 10,500 francs.

BERCKEYDE's excellent "Card Players," and Bol's "Moorish Chieftain"—one of his masterpieces—were, I believe, in the collection, but I do not find them mentioned in the enterprising New York Herald's cable report of the sale. Cuyt's admirable portrait of himself drawing after nature—a famous landscape—was bought by the Duc d'Aumale for 73,000 francs. Van Goyen's "View of Dordrecht" sold for 30,500 francs; Holbein's portrait of Bishop Gardiner, 66,700 francs; "The Nurse" by De Hooghe, 12,000 francs; Rubens' "Mercury, Argus and Io," "The Greek Magician," "The Assyrian Magician," and "The Ethiopian Magician," for 48,000 francs, 20,000 francs, 15,000 francs, and 17,600 francs respectively, the last three going to the Duc d'Aumale. Ruysdael's "Le Bac," a picture of a ferry—a charming work—brought 32,000 francs; Jan Steen's "Jubilee" ("Le Roi Boit") went comparatively cheap at 16,000 francs, as did Palamedes' "Player on the Clavicin" for 12,100 francs.

THE pictures of the English school did not fare well. Constable's "Stoke-by-Nayland" and "The Glebe Farm" went to Sedelmayer for only 3000 francs and 3650 francs respectively; Crome's "The Grange" and "Environs of Norwich" for 1530 francs and 3650 francs, and Mulready's little "Watering Place," which Fauchereau has engraved, for only 990 francs. Morland's fine picture of a cottage door, called "La Halte" by the French critics, was knocked down for 8520 francs, but Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mrs. Seyforth and her Daughter," a noble work once, and well known by Grozer's engraving of it, but now ruinously faded—went for 15,500. Lawrence's brilliant portrait of Lady Ellenborough brought 10,000 francs—not a bad price for a sketch.

REMARKABLY high prices were obtained for some of the French paintings. The "Angelus" of poor Millet—who often went hungry for the want of a franc—brought the greatest figure; it being run up in about two minutes to 160,000 francs, M. Petit being the buyer. The reader may remember the subject. It represents a French laborer and his wife in a field stopping suddenly at the sound of the evening bell, which invites them to prayer. The peasant painter had witnessed such a scene hundreds of times in his youth, and it deeply impressed him. In this picture he has succeeded wonderfully in carrying out his intention of giving an impression of music. As Sensier says, "he wanted the noise of the country and even the church bells to sound." This picture was sold originally to M. Van Praet, the Belgian minister in Paris, for a few hundred francs. Millet's "Faneuse dans une Prairie," was sold for 23,700 francs, to M. Hara.

AMONG the prices paid for other well known modern French paintings were 900 francs for Troyon's "Devant Honfleur," 31,500 for his "La Mare," 17,200 for his "Vallée de la Solle," and 1510 for his "Tête de Bélier Mort," 12,050 for Roybet's "Le Message," 12,300 for Diaz's "La Mare," and 16,000 for his "Sous la Feuillée," 12,550 for Daubigny's "Le Marais," 17,500 for Ziem's "Venice," 9700 for Rousseau's "Paysage," and 20,000 for his "Hameau en Normandie," 24,100 for Delacroix's "Tigre Surpris par un Serpent," 7900 for his "Marocain et son Enfant," 36,800 for Decamp's "Intérieur de Cour en Italie," and 10,600 for his "Le Rémoleur." Barye's "La Sentinelle" brought 28,000, and his "Le Joueur de Flûte" 30,000 francs. Couture's "Après le Bal Masqué" brought 4900 francs, and Clays' "Le Zuiderzée" 6300.

WHEN in Boston a few months ago I was introduced to the proprietor of one of the leading theatres, who is notorious for his "malapropisms." He told me he understood I appreciated good decoration, and he would take pleasure in showing me some of the beauties of his theatre. "First, see here," said he, pointing with pride to the walls; "how do you like my doodoos?" I was puzzled. "Dadoes, he means—dadoes," whispered a friend at my side. I duly admired the "doo-dooos." "And now," cried the manager, leading me by the arm, "you shall see my qui-nine door," and we stopped suddenly in front of a door supposed to be in the style of the lamented Queen Anne. I looked the man in the face, thinking that perhaps he was quizzing me. But no; evidently he had no suspicion that there was anything wrong. The only expression he wore was one of conscious merit as an intelligent patron and promoter of the arts.

ALL true Bostonians will be shocked to learn that "a number of paintings in oil and drawings in charcoal by the late Mr. Morris Hunt," have been exhibited in London and absolutely scoffed at. The following is the language of the blasphemous critic of The Athenæum: "Excepting a few portraits in oil . . . few or none of the 119 examples are up to the level of fourth-rate current French painting. The greater part of the landscapes are confusion itself, crude reflections of the technique of Millet, and not equal to the lowest grade of the last Salon. Some of the designs, which aim at decorative purposes, are demonstrative and French enough for common domestic application in Paris, but as works of fine art they lack noble technical qualities. Mr. Hunt was obviously too ambitious."

THAT brilliant young artist, Humphrey H. Moore, having remained long enough in San Francisco to execute a lucrative commission for one of the millionaires of the Pacific Coast, has, I hear, taken advantage of his proximity to the Asian continent to visit Japan. Such an enthusiastic colorist as Mr. Moore doubtless will fairly revel in the gorgeousness of Oriental splendor which he will see, and come home with sketch books full of suggestions for future work. He is, if I mistake not, the first American artist who has sought in "far Cipango" subjects for his brush. I do not forget that a remarkable Japanese street scene on canvas was exhibited in this city a year or so ago. But the painter of the picture, it was said, had never seen Japan.

SOME one sends me a copy of the Congressional Record of last month, from which it appears that recently there was a lively discussion in Congress over a bill introduced for the relief of Louis P. di Cesnola, in the sum of \$5500, which he alleged he had paid for the services of an interpreter and a consular guard during the eleven years of his consulate. In answer to an inquiry by Mr. Dunnell whether during these eleven years he had ever put in a claim for the money or any part of it, it appeared that he had not done so, which some of the honorable gentlemen thought was rather queer. Mr. Price especially was so impressed. He set forth his view of the case in the following terms:

"This gentleman is appointed a consul. At the end of a year he finds himself minus of \$500 because he had to employ an interpreter and guard. Now if a business man—and the presumption is he is a business man, or he would not be there, although the presumption may be a violent one—he would apply at the end of the year to the State department and say, 'I am out \$500 for these necessary expenditures.' Then they either say he is entitled to that or they say he is not entitled to it. But he lets it run another year and says he has incurred \$500 more of expenditure. And so on it goes from year to year, until eleven years have elapsed, and all that time he has not been paid any \$500 a year by the government. All that time he has not learned the language of the country in which he is stationed, and keeps up his interpreter and guard, continues that expense, and pays the money out of his own pocket; and then five years afterwards he comes to Congress and asks to be reimbursed for the money he has expended."

Mr. Cox urged on General Di Cesnola's behalf that he was "a gentleman of high scientific attainments," but he admitted he was perhaps "a little loose about business matters." "Well," said Mr. Price, at last, "on consideration of his being a loose business man, I suppose we must pay it." And the general has accordingly been paid the little bill of \$5500. It does not appear that he made any charge for interest. But, of course, he can put in a claim for that at any time.

MONTEZUMA.